THE COMMONWEAL

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CONTENTS

The Moving Van 379

Week by Week 381

Beet Field Shadows 384

The Doubtful States ..... Charles Willis Thompson 385

Writers' Saints ..... D. H. Moseley 388

Strange Pilgrimage (*verse*) ..... Edan Lou Walton 390

Nationalism at the Crossroads ..... Andrew G. Haley 391

Wheat Stacks (*verse*) ... Kenneth W. Porter 392

Communications 392

The Play ..... R. Dana Skinner 393

Lear (*verse*) ..... Audrey Wurdemann 394

Books ..... Thomas Walsh, Richard Linn Edsall, Gladys Graham, P. A. Kinsley 394

THE MOVING VAN

THE political campaign now very much in evidence is sufficient indication of how radically national political alignments have been affected by the stupendous growth of cities. An understanding of vast new civic problems has been reached inside various mammoth industrial communities. It has been noticed, first of all, that state custom and legislation are seldom adequate for the more complex and hurried purposes of the metropolis. Traffic signals mean one thing to the city motorist, another to the farmer and his family. The apartment house and the ranch are not taxed for the same purposes. The administration of welfare work is necessarily of far greater importance in a place where a mass of laboring folk are dependent upon whether or not the whistle blows than in a place where the individual is accustomed to being, at least in a measure, his own protective agency. The very rising of the sun has a different human significance in Pittsburgh than in Wyoming.

These things are quite real, however infrequently we may pause to reflect upon them. One may properly ask, on the other hand, to what extent the American city, in meeting the difficulties with which it contends, has been actuated by national ideals or points of view. Is city government conscious of the spirit of the constitution, which carefully insulates the functions of federal authority and so renders one the corrective of the other? Does the average mayor bear upon his brow any shadow of that influential prestige which consistently ennobles the Presidency? Is there anything like an excited consciousness of the issues involved in a municipal campaign? Unfortunately these questions do not invite a favorable answer. Too frequently the urban politician thinks of himself (and is thought of by others) as a kind of gladiator inside an arena, whose business is simply to muster more strength and skill than his competitor can. The triumphant armies are drilled—and to a not inconsiderable extent paid—in silence and during years of preparation.

Perhaps it is the very concreteness and definiteness of the city problem which is responsible for the lagging of public interest. You can arouse a citizen to heights of fervor by suggesting that his country's flag has been insulted; but over the questions of streets and sewage disposal he will rise at most to some peak of profanity. That is why nothing is more beneficial to the modern town than the right kind of press leadership. The editorial flashlight is a form of guidance which people will follow, once they are convinced it is not a will-o'-the-wisp. By daily keeping an eye on the progress of affairs, a paper like the Chicago Tribune—whatever its other virtues or faults may be—does dismay and

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intimidate the managers of the spoils system. Yet even this vigilance, though it may be said to heal many a sore and stop more than one cough, cannot be curative in a real sense so long as the community itself does not respond to the call.

And the deepest ailment of the American city—far more deplorable than any one of a dozen forms of political or social malpractice—is the fact that it is not a community at all. Day after day its human outlines shift. Workingmen pass from one town to another, and even whole industries are moved across the country. Add to these things the constant stream of migration from the country or from alien shores, and you have a result which approximates fairly well to the actual condition—a fluctuating commingling of men and their families, of breadwinners and sources of supply. Generations must pass before the average person acclimates himself to the new circumstances. At present the migratory farmer remains a farmer, regardless of his city clothes; the alien immigrant is molded by another life and climate; and the restlessly shifting population keeps many characteristics of the old frontier. Few have anything like that "civic consciousness" which a great investigator like Victor Branford has localized as the yeast out of which the community loaf must rise.

Nor is that all. Many of the newcomers should not have made the journey into which they were enticed. By leaving their farms and villages, they cast themselves into economic weather for which they were in no way prepared. It is a sorry sight to see them shivering and suffering, but there is no blinking the fact that to a great extent they themselves are responsible. How can such men and women, amateurs and aliens in every genuine sense, rise to cope with organized political venality? In what manner can their minds, or any conceivable unification of their minds, help to render the city proof against corruption? As a matter of fact, it is upon the ignorance and aloofness of these that the "machine" is built. Whenever, as in New York City of the present, political control passes into the hands of a group born and bred in the air of the community, things begin to mend; whenever groups of this kind lose their influence, a decline sets in.

To us these matters seem very significant, not merely because of the meaning of city government as such but also because they are an index to the quality of all the achievement, cultural and even religious, which a community can render. Inside the business world, the value of corporate action is as basic and undeniable an assumption as is an axiom in geometry. Coördination is a synonym for modern production. And is not society, from this point of view, the same kind of endeavor as industry? Even now, despite the fact that so much of our thinking on social matters has been badly blurred by wrong theory and hasty practice, the family is respected by almost everybody as an indispensable coöperative unit. Beyond that, many of us have a vague feeling that labor suffered a heavy loss in abandoning the gild principle. Finally, those who ponder deeply on such problems conceive of the university as an institution existing to further citizenship in the world of thought. It is not that we are in need of doctrine on these points. We lack the method, or the knack, of making real what we know is right.

The moving van is attached to nothing. It can tear families asunder, uproot the life of towns, change the status of cities. More than that: it can grind to dust the cement that achieves human solidarity. Proud though Americans be of their powers of absorption and adjustment, that very pride is corrosive of allegiance. Perhaps, too, this same van is to a considerable extent responsible for the sad truth that whole crowds of people have given up their membership in religious societies or churches. From the Catholic point of view, this last circumstance is the saddest one has to reckon with. On the other hand, the preservation of the spiritual community is also our brightest civic hope. By rendering the Church in the city, together with the institutions and social groups presided over by it, a magnet towards which the newcomer is drawn, religion (thus expressing its primitive meaning) binds men together in a community which is properly a model for all others. Meanwhile it also helps to restore the integrity of the family, thus strengthening the two most fundamental forms of human unity.

It is, of course, inevitable that religion should be handicapped by a migratory society. Even the crusades themselves, once they had taken form as actual military expeditions, witnessed a great loss of fervor and a vast increase in self-indulgence. But, after all, the Church is never engaged in reckoning with numbers. In bringing the endless resources of spirituality to the largest possible group of human souls, its one great practical task is finding channels which are navigable and serviceable. It seeks to utilize every method of approach, not out of a spirit of opportunism, but rather because its one abiding passion is to feed and save. No one will claim that all that conceivably might be accomplished has been done. But the constant evidence of youth, vigor and integrity within the Church is so encouraging and invigorating that it enkindles anew the hope that the whole complex problem of society may be solved.

That is why, we may add, the Catholic layman is more eager than ever before to assist in the good work being done. Human nature always yearns for membership in a society. And the man of today, looking at the enormous gaps and vacuities in contemporary civilization, feels his heart grow warm at the sight of a group which, as the communion of saints, takes him into its shelter and inspires him with its health. Small wonder that he should dream, first of extending its influence and realizing its wonderful meaning in himself, secondly of using the power it contains as energy to rejuvenate and refashion the other varied forms in which men need to be welded together for the living and the understanding of life.

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MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Editor

Assistant Editors

THOMAS WALSH MARY KOLARS
HENRY LONGAN STUART GEORGE N. SHUSTER

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Editorial Council

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BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE

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WEEK BY WEEK

BECAUSE Austria has been shorn of her ancient territorial greatness, she has not ceased to be, in a certain sense, if not a storm centre, at least a barometer that registers several possible storms in the future. Echoes of the enthusiasm for unification with Germany which prevailed at the recent Vienna Saengenfest are just now disturbing many a contemplative discussion of world politics. The assembled Austrians permitted no one to doubt that joining hands with the Reich would be considered a pleasant experiment. And the frank declaration of Monsignor Seipel, on June 27 last, which registered, in a manner no less final because courteous, Austria's determination to make her own choice in future combinations, is quite sufficient evidence that her objection to entering into any Balkan community of small states persists.

THERE is every reason why the little country which now struggles so hard to keep a metropolis alive should turn its back upon the Slavic peoples and its face toward its brothers in blood. These first have chosen to go their way; some of them are banded under French leadership, and the Hapsburg idea of projecting Europe into the Balkans is not viable in this twentieth century. Union with Germany under one form or another, on the other hand, is the one question upon which all parties in Austria seem united. To the conservative element of which Monsignor Seipel is the representaive, it is a prospect infinitely more grateful than a combination of old vassals in which Austria inevitably would be the weakest and most alien. And, to the advanced elements, the mere idea of anything more than a commercial entente with reactionary Hungary is abhorrent. At present, of course, the allied powers are resolutely opposed to any Austro-German union. But while such union may not be within the range of actual possibility for a time, forces which the chanceleries cannot control are bringing it to pass. We believe two things about it: first, that it will come as the result of normal processes and not as the result of a maneuver. "Diplomacy," in the words of M. Auguste Gauvain, in a recent number of the Revue des Débats, "can only defer racial affinities—it cannot destroy them." And secondly, that, when the day for joining hands finally arrives, no more than a ripple of excitement will agitate the surface of Europe's political sea.

KING ALEXANDER'S appointment of the Reverend Anton Koresec, a Slovene Catholic priest who was Minister of the Interior in the last cabinet, as premier of Jugoslavia, has not solved the political crisis in that faction-ridden country. This is not because His Majesty's intentions were not of the noblest. Throughout the intense bitterness which reached its greatest virulence in the assassinations in the Skupschtina, the King has striven sincerely and mightily to keep the Serbs, Croats and Solvenes in amicable unity under one flag. Dr. Koresec, the chief leader of the small Slovenic party, controls the balance between the Serbian radicals and the Croatian peasants. He has formed a coalition cabinet, which has met with the strong approval of the non-Croat newspapers and politicians. But the new premier's severity, while Minister, in the suppression of the demonstrations against the pro-Italian Nettuno treaty has alienated the Croatians. Their demand for a new elections guarantee as price for their coöperation was refused, and Dr. Koresec called the Skupschtina to pass pending legislation. Among the first questions on the parliamentary agenda is the ratification of the Nettuno pact. Little surprise can be felt that the peasant party is rebelliously dissatisfied.

THE refusal of their delegates to take seats in the national legislative body is an effective protest against what they consider a rank disregard of their party's representation in the affairs of the nation. Such action, however, moves ultimate harmony further from realization. The recalcitrant delegates have assembled in Zagreb, the ancient capital of Croatia, forming a rump parliament to determine a course of action. It is to be hoped that Dr. Koresec will strictly prosecute those responsible for the killing and wounding of opposition members last June. Such vigilant administration of justice will do much to appease the Croats, who are all too ready to adopt the shibboleth of an independent Croatia. Indeed Stanko Hranilovich, journalist and political leader of the party, is in this country with the expressed intention of seeking American aid for

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such an end. He buttresses his arguments with the statement that "two million of the five million Croats in Jugoslavia are on the verge of starvation and the remainder are not much better off." Americans will be interested in justice and fair play for the Croats. But, whereas this country's charity will be ready if investigation proves that the facts are as represented, Washington could do no better for the Croats as autonomists than to recommend them to Geneva.

AMERICANS, who are preparing for the flood of oratory concomitant on a national election, will find reports of Hipolito Irigoyen's election for a second term as President of the Argentine almost unbelievable. For Irigoyen did not make one campaign speech nor issue a single declaration of policy. His exact age, his religious beliefs, his political aims, are today, after six years at the head of the republic, a complete puzzle to the Argentinians. He cannot be provoked into controversy. Further, Irigoyen has an instinctive dislike for personal exploitation. He is said never to have posed for a photograph, and enterprising news cameramen are seldom able to snap him. The despatch does not narrate his attitude on kissing babies. Yet he has just been given one of the most tremendous majorities ever accorded a presidential candidate. We respectfully suggest to the federation of publicity agents that they had best convert the Argentine executive, or our own politicians might eventually come to see, in his success, a striking object lesson.

THE action of William Allen White in withdrawing the charges he made "without deep thought" against Governor Alfred E. Smith's career in the New York State Assembly, gives rise to several considerations, apart from the respect and admiration that will be accorded him for his honesty and courage. In the first place, one must note the over-readiness of our modern journalists in politics to indulge in serious accusations. Mr. White might, after a moment's consideration, have realized what charges of protecting gambling and prostitution would naturally mean to a man in Mr. Smith's position, either politically, socially, religiously or in family honor. Mr. White here explains: "I can understand that the Governor in casting those votes against those reform bills might honestly have felt that the bills were unconstitutional, or were not enforceable, or infringed upon personal liberty, or encouraged police blackmail. These bills did not so impress others who voted for the bills, but Governor Smith certainly is entitled to fair treatment." It seems that here Mr. White weakens the argument which he is said to be preparing against Mr. Smith's record on the question of the saloon. The heinousness of this offense may not be so grievous, but the same reasons given by Mr. White for withdrawing his charges on the points of gambling and prostitution hold good for the lawmaker in the case of these liquor questions. If Mr. Smith may have been honest and cautious and wise in his voting on attempted legislation regarding the questions in which Mr. White accused him, why cannot the same reasons be held good in considering his dealings with the question of the saloon?

A SKEPTICAL nation has been repeatedly assured, by no less authorities than the Republican presidential candidate and his party's national chairman, that it would not be subjected to a "whispering campaign." It would be too much, however, to expect that Mr. Hoover and Dr. Work would have any quieting effect upon those bent on making insinuations and lies the basis of their opposition to a candidate. But surely neither should be so lacking in control when the offender is a Republican and the junior Senator from Kansas, which this year contributes a vice-presidential candidate. For Senator Arthur Capper has joined the ranks of those who indulge in back-door arguments. Why Drag in the Religious Issue? is the title of an editorial which he publishes in his Topeka Daily Capital of July 24.

THE Senator enters his protest against such action, then immediately proceeds to drag in the issue by the most flagrant and vicious means. It might be well for the Senator, when editorially inclined, to possess himself of a few facts. He might learn that the name Raskob is of Alsatian not Mohammedan origin, and that his selection by Smith was as surprising to the Pope as to the country at large. He might learn that the Democratic presidential candidate has not been photographed wearing pontifical robes—either "on numerous occasions" or ever. He might learn that he is not warranted in "presuming" Governor Smith to be a member of the Knights of Columbus when as a newspaperman he should ascertain the fact. He might learn that that order did not urge our government to intervene in Mexico in favor of the Catholic clergy. But surely the Senator cannot be quite so ignorant. Inevitably one is left with the painful conclusion that he is dealing in more or less wilful misrepresentation and innuendo.

SHOCKS of grain stand thick in middle-western fields this year, and corn promises to be heavier than has been customary for some years past. All of this assures a measure of the best possible farm relief, but the political attitude of the country round about Chicago does not seem to have been greatly affected. It is conceded in Illinois that the fortunes of Democracy may improve vastly if ex-Governor Lowden takes the step of coming out for Smith. The diction of the Houston platform has been appreciated by many a farmer, and some outstanding Republican endorsement of it would make a real contribution to the campaign. Iowa seems to maintain a certain fondness for Hoover within and outside of staunch party lines, but a great deal will depend upon what the campaign oratory drums into people's ears. It is Wisconsin which, view-

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ing as it does a struggle for La Follette domination, seems most strongly committed to vote for a Democratic President. The Badger delegation to Kansas City returned from its trip openly dissatisfied, and there is more than a little reason to believe that the "progressive cohorts" are planning to conserve their dissident attitude.

ONE of the most interesting aspects of the farm question as that has entered politics is the campaign policy of Judge Floyd Thompson, Democratic candidate for governor of Illinois. Judge Thompson is a genuine credit to his party and we believe that his warm and sensible concern with the agricultural situation deserves to be taken for a model. His addresses have carefully avoided the puzzle of equalization boards and surplus marketing. Like most farmers, he lets these dogs alone. But his plea for the reforestation of worn-out lands, his endorsement of coöperative marketing and his advocacy of health measures are expressed in terms which people can understand and are urged with an enthusiasm which actually instils much of idealistic purposiveness into his audiences. There is, for instance, the Judge's discussion of the county fair. This he considers most helpful as a measure for promoting the spirit of coöperation, and we believe that he is entirely right. If agricultural America received more of this kind of advice and leadership, many evils would disappear. One does not know whether Judge Thompson will be elected to office or not. But certainly a community which produces men of his stamp need not fear to continue the effort to secure good government.

COMMENTING upon the efficacy of a few summer days in calming the troubled political situation in Dublin, an editorial writer in the Irish Statesman allows himself a little reflection on the "hundred millenniums" humanity has escaped "owing to hot weather coming on with such regularity every year," and proposes "to psychologically minded historians a study of weather and revolution." We would ourselves like to see the suggested monograph (as companion, say, to an essay upon the relations between religion and climatic conditions.) But we are sure its conclusions would lend anything but support to the Irish writer's thesis. The Bastille was taken under a blazing July sun; the revolution of 1830 took place in weather so torrid that the corpses of the slain had to be buried within twenty-four hours; one of the traditions of the Gordon Riots, which are the nearest (and pretty near at that!) England came to a popular revolution, is that the rioters fainted from heat by scores in the ranks. Other historic memories may suggest themselves, but we think enough have been produced to convict our very much esteemed contemporary of a little carelessness. In our own judgment rain, as an antiphlogistic for an over-excess of revolutionary enthusiasm, continues to hold first place.

AT THE risk of finding fault twice in the same issue with a friend and brother, we must also express a little dissent with another Statesman editorialist who sees "something hypocritical in the defense [sic] made at Geneva for restrictions of imports of foreign films by France." "The culture that requires to be stimulated and protected by legislation," thinks the writer, "has little or no inherent vitality." Now the case against the Hollywood film is not so much that it introduces an alien culture as that it smothers and obliterates the culture of countries that suffer from it in bulk under an overlay of frank and standardized sensation that has no roots in any cult or culture whatsoever. Quite often it is the product of scenario writers and directors who are not American at all—who are not even European in any sense that matters—who are, in fact, just so many slick and denatured wits working to order at the service of an industry that, in the course of many years' monopoly and immunity, has created a whole tawdry world of false and refracted values. In this sham cosmos, neither the moral lessons that behaviorism (to say nothing of religion) teaches, nor the safeguards worldly common sense can supply, merely by showing that certain results inevitably follow certain acts, have any place. To put the case in a nutshell, a world that never required sobriety of thought and action more than today, is being made a present of a diffused propaganda independent of language, that flouts sobriety. "Hypocrisy" is a hard word to apply to the alarm of many hundreds of thinkers and educators, anxious to instil lessons of national heroism and self-sacrifice into youthful imaginations, who find them filled already with the doings of "le sheriff," "le badman" and "la gurl."

AMONG the more serious problems the advent of summer brings to metropolitan centres is that of caring for the children, particularly those of the poor. Too often the street is the only possible convenient playground. Any solution which takes them, freed of school routine, from the dangers prevalent in crowded sections, is a happy one. When it is accompanied by a useful employment of time that would otherwise be wasted, it is even more commendable. This is one of the reasons why the Catholic Vacation School, conducted by the New York Archdiocesan Council, National Council of Catholic Women, is proving such a success. Study and play are so cleverly interlarded that boys and girls are entertained and intelligently occupied during the long vacation and their busy and overworked mothers are relieved. As yet the school is comparatively small for Manhattan, but it is hoped that donations and an increased membership in the Council will provide the means for wide extension of this much-needed work.

TOO frequently is history or a historical background sought in a novel which makes no pretension to depict either. Because of its great success, The Bridge of

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San Luis Rey, by Thornton Wilder, has been a steady target for this curious type of literary fault-finding. The most recent attack comes from Mr. Homer Croy, who returned from Lima with the grave announcement that all Peru is highly indignant over the book. Indeed one might almost be led to believe that a revolution is in the offing because Mr. Wilder connected snow with Lima when that South American capital considers even rain a treat and a marvel. The Limeños, too, greatly fear that a stream of American tourists will turn back disappointed because there will be no approximation of the theatre that knew La Perichole. Mr. Wilder, crowned with Pulitzer bay leaves of fiction, must view with amusement the efforts to bring him before the bar as a guilty historian or a perverted writer of theological tracts.

BEET FIELD SHADOWS

EFFORTS to rectify many present-day evils are frequently spent against the solid walls of public indifference or ignorance. Even where purely sectional, a stubborn reluctance, on the part of those before whom the conditions glare, to cope with them persists. Again a too close proximity to the problem frequently debars full realization of its inherent viciousness, preëminently when there are many in leadership who are inclined by carelessness to minimize and condone, or by real or fancied self-interest to profit by, its existence. Most particularly do these things occur when the situation is predicated on the helplessness and defenseless of a race whose repute has suffered because of the very pitifulness of its state. Antagonism to a race is the immediate sire of apathy to the peculiar difficulties of that race. But happily for it, if unhappily for other citizens, its problems do not and cannot remain individual to it. Eventually they burst the bounds and involve the very communities which maintained the most ostrich-like of attitudes toward them.

These elements enter predominatingly into the situation of the Mexican migratory workers in Colorado and in the Southwest. From a small influx, the number of Spanish and Mexican hands employed in the sugar-beet industry for field work in 1927 had grown to 18,000. They cared for 110,000 acres of beets, about two-thirds of the entire crop. The American who opposes this employment of foreign, and unquestionably cheaper, labor is, however, no more than a dog in the manger. For sugar-company officials have found it utterly impossible to get 18,000 other workers during the growing season; nor, were they available, would any considerable number of native laborers do this kind of work. The officials emphatically state that without this labor in the fields the industry in Colorado could not be carried out on its present scale and thousands of other workers, not Spanish-speaking, would find no employment during and following the sugar manufacturing seasons. In consequence the industry has grown and will continue to grow in direct proportion to the importation of Mexican and Spanish labor.

Nevertheless, prejudice, amply bulwarked by the contempt felt for those who do spurned work, singles out this class for abuse, injustice and exploitation. This is true most iniquitously when it meets grossly unfair treatment by certain constables, law enforcment officers and justices of the peace, who operate under the fee system, giving both judge and officers a financial interest in a conviction. Not knowing the law, often not even able to understand English, without a lawyer or money to employ one, cowed by fear, the Mexican finds conviction synonymous with arrest. Society should find it intolerable to permit in Colorado, or anywhere else, an administration of justice where personal gain plays any part in its application.

The evil is further aggravated by the seasonal migration which the large part of the Mexican population makes from rural to urban districts and back again. There is no ignorant obstinacy behind this shifting. Bad living conditions, which in a survey made in one country were held responsible for the loss by death of 152 children in 57 out of 104 families, force the Mexicans to leave the districts where they work at the close of the season. The slums of the city receive them who are largely a rural people. There disease and the demoralizing influences so common in excessively congested sections beset them. If neglected by every other group, it is not to be noted unusual that they become fertile subjects for communistic propaganda. The Old Mexican Communist or Red Socialist party has not been unaware of the situation, and now seeks to move the Mexicans along anti-Catholic, anti-religious, anti-organized-government lines.

Yet the Mexicans have found other friends—friends who are alert to their needs and are giving them substantial aid while their publicity methods and repeated appeals batter down the current disaffection. For five years the Mexican Welfare Committee of the Knights of Columbus, with the splendid coöperation of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, has labored on all phases of the problem. Through their efforts since the first part of last year there has been a marked change of sentiment toward the Mexican. Business men and farmers in the beetgrowing sections have been brought to realize more and more that he is a factor of first importance in their prosperity. Numbers of newspapers have been induced to take a more friendly attitude. Social and religious welfare work has been instituted which aids tremendously in meeting the material and spiritual needs of the Mexicans. By constant and conscientious study of conditions the Committee hopes eventually to be able to recommend a comprehensive plan for their permanent relief. Our faith in the innate American sense of justice forbids us from believing that such a plan, once formulated, will long go unexecuted.

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THE DOUBTFUL STATES

By CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON

NOTHING is less dependable than the bolting talk one always hears after a presidential nomination, and it makes no difference how noisy it is or how implacable it sounds. For a month or two after any nomination you seem to meet nobody but the men who angrily assure you that they have never before voted a Democratic ticket, or a Republican ticket, as the case may be, but that this time they are through with their own party for good and all. By September they are talking less furiously, by October they are not saying a word, and by November they are voting as usual.

This year, however, there is going to be a great deal of bolting, or at least of fishing on election day. The bolting is so widely distributed, the doubtful spots cancel each other to such an extent, as to constitute the reason why, for the first time in many years, the Republicans feel that they are in a fight and not in a parlor game. Roughly speaking, there are about 4,000,000 more people who vote the Republican ticket in presidential years than there are Democratic voters, so that any Democratic candidate has at the start the handicap of having to persuade 2,000,000 Republicans to forsake their party; which seems an insuperable obstacle, and generally is, but not always.

The doubtful spots for Smith are in the South. To make up for the possible loss of a couple of southern states, the Democrats count on winning the eastern states of New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island and Delaware. Even if they did, they would not be able to win if they lost two or three southern states, provided the West remained Republican. Therefore, to win they have got to hold on to the entire South, or else capture some western states to make up for the loss of some southern ones. This in addition to winning the East. It may seem hopeless, but it is reasonably certain that, whether or not they hold the South and carry the East, they will get some heretofore Republican western states.

Where, then, are the doubtful states? For the election turns on them; the situation in 1924 and many previous years, when very few states were doubtful and sometimes none at all, no longer exists, because of the nomination of Governor Smith.

The actually sore spots in the hitherto Solid South are Tennessee, Kentucky, and, if you count them as southern states, Oklahoma and Missouri. North Carolina is talked of as doubtful, the Republicans are dreaming of Florida—dreaming, that is all; and, though this seems incredible, there is authority for putting Maryland in the doubtful list. This list is made not because I think Smith will lose those states, but because all of them are considered debatable and some of them actually are.

Texas gets more attention than the other states because it is the only one in which any active politicians are bolting. In the other states the politicians are not only outwardly regular, but actually regular, because whoever is elected they have their organizations to look out for. Presidential candidates come and go, but a bolter stays outside the breastworks once he has been incautious enough to go there, and it is a Sisyphus job to get back. In Texas, however, there is a bolting movement captained by men who have hitherto run with the machine. They may be important in Texas, but their names mean nothing outside the state; still, the fact remains that they are committeemen or ex-committeemen and not mavericks. There is not, however, any reason to suppose that they will be any more effective than those Texas politicians who bolted Senator Mayfield's nomination and attempted, with Republican aid, to form a new Democratic machine. Dallas once went Republican—for McKinley and against Bryan—and these bolters hope she will do it again and take El Paso and Fort Worth with her; that is about the limit of the bolting hope, and it is a happy dream.

If Smith loses two or three of these states and the Republicans hold the West, he cannot be elected even if he does carry New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts and New Jersey. But, for all the noise, Kentucky and Tennessee are the only ones the Republicans have a chance to carry in the real South. Because of Senator Simmons's influence they have hopes of North Carolina, but it is a condition, not a theory, that confronts that state. To go Republican would bring into power a new set of political forces, as happened when the state went Populist, and the result would be to increase the influence of the Negro in politics. North Carolina has more Negroes really eligible to vote than most southern states, and letting down the bars to them would have consequences to be felt long after the passions of 1928 have subsided. There are few Democrats in North Carolina who will not be moved by this consideration, Simmons or no Simmons.

Not only is North Carolina sensitive about Negro domination, but she has had more experience of its possibility than other states have had in recent years—a very bitter one in 1898—and it is not long since the Populists elected Marion Butler to the Senate and played hob with any disposition of Democrats ever to bolt again. Senator Simmons is reported as saying privately that the state will go Republican. However, Simmons is not much of a prophet; up to the moment of Smith's nomination he was saying, and really believed that Smith was beaten.

As for Florida, that is Republican rainbow-chasing. The reason why they look hopefully to Florida is that

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there has been a great influx of northern men, mostly Republicans, in the state. There is plenty of anti-Catholic feeling, but if it were not for this northern immigration it would not enter into Republican calculations. The fact is, however, that the northern immigrants have never yet been numerous enough to affect an election, and there is no reason why they should be any more powerful this year; but the combination of northern residents and local Kluxism is expected to perform what heretofore has been impossible. I do not believe a word of it; I set it down because it is a part of the midsummer dreaming consequent upon the undoubted fact that party lines are everywhere unstable this year.

The valuelessness of most of the talk of politicians may be judged from the fact that a few months ago Republican politicians were sanguine of carrying Mississippi, Arkansas and Alabama. Politicians are a childlike lot. They actually based their hopes of Mississippi and Arkansas on Hoover's supposed popularity over the flood relief business, as if the popularity of any Republican would ever be allowed to interfere in those states with the stern business of upholding the white hope. They never revealed their grounds for dreaming of Alabama, but it must have been that they thought Heflin could—and would—swing his state to the standard of the late Booker Washington of Tuskegee. Those dreams long ago went glimmering, and so, in my belief, will go their dreams of Florida and North Carolina.

Smith's danger, again, comes down to Tennessee and Kentucky. Oklahoma will no doubt go for Hoover—this is why ex-Senator Owen made his desperate bid to get back into politics by joining the probably successful bolt, giving the absurd excuse that he could "not stand Tammany," which is certainly not true in his case; but Oklahoma, though southern, is not a part of the Solid South, as that section is reckoned in political calculations. After 1876 certain states contracted the habit of voting invariably for the Democratic ticket without regard to the candidates. As all these states except Missouri were geographically southern, they were styled "the Solid South"; it meant that in computing election probabilities the electoral votes of these states must be set aside as a block already delivered, and the calculation must begin from that point. Oklahoma was not in existence and was therefore not one of them. Her entry into the union, like that of Arizona, did not affect, one way or the other, the usual calculation by which the votes of these states were ruled out of the consideration as already disposed of. Oklahoma, like Indiana, is pretty well Klan-ridden. It is not typically southern, being populated partly from Texas but also from Kansas and Missouri.

Missouri left the Solid South in 1904 by voting for Roosevelt, and Kentucky and Tennessee have since, on occasion, followed her example. Missouri is doubtful now because of Smith's religion. One eastern Republican who always kept silent about his politics when he visited there found, after Smith's nomination, that he was in congenial company at last; every woman he met told him she was going to vote against the Pope, and that all her woman friends were.

It is, in fact, the women who supply the real venom. The man are more placable, even those who are most afraid of Popery; except, of course, the professional priest-baiters. Whenever one tries to find the clue to this strange tale about the dubiety of Maryland, it always comes down to the bitterness of "the women." Maryland, contrary to a common impression, is not a Catholic state; the notion that it is proceeds from the fact that Cecil Calvert, who colonized it, was a Catholic; but in fact the Protestants soon got control of it and abolished Calvert's laws for religious toleration.

Of the two really important doubtful southern states, there is more bitterness against Smith in Tennessee than in Kentucky. At Houston it was noticed that the Kentuckians were very philosophical and disposed to accept Smith with open arms, even if not with much enthusiasm. It is presumed that this attitude reflected that of their constituents; and there has certainly been a considerable change of sentiment toward Smith in Kentucky since 1924. The Tennesseeans at Houston were sour and sore, and it is assumed that they too represented home feeling.

Though the Democratic disaffection in the South is publicly based on the prohibition issue, it is actually based on Smith's religion. If Ritchie, who is wetter than Smith, had been nominated. there would have been no prohibition bolt; in fact, the women in Maryland have supported Ritchie for governor, the same ones who are bolting on the pretended ground that Smith is a wet. In the East it is not realized what this religious matter means. There are in the South thousands of people who verily believe that there is a plot on foot to encompass the downfall of the United States by annexing the country to a foreign rule; it is even believed by many that the lives and property of Protestants would not be safe if Smith were elected. To people who honestly believe this, it is evident that this is no mere presidential campaign; it is a battle of the endangered hosts of God against hell itself.

The dangerous spots for Smith are not loud-voiced states like Texas and North Carolina, but states on the border. But, even if he loses one or more of the latter, he is going to make up for it by capturing some Republican states not listed in the conventional catalogue of Democratic hopes, the catalogue of New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut. He will probably carry Wisconsin and Montana; he has a good chance in North Dakota and a chance in Ohio; and the Republicans are not as comfortable as they usually are about Illinois and Nebraska. Strangely enough, the sorest of all Republican states is Pennsylvania, and while the idea of Pennsylvania going Democratic seems laughable, it is certain that Smith is going to ram the usual Republican majority there good and hard and below the water line.

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Although I cannot believe it, any more than I can believe Maryland to be doubtful, I have been assured by Republicans that Smith may carry Nebraska; and they are Republicans as well informed as those Democrats who say Maryland is debatable. Nebraska is one state which really does take the farm issue seriously; and it is heterodox in its Republicanism, following Norris rather than Coolidge or Hoover. But, leaving aside such apparent impossibilities as Maryland and Nebraska, the situation in North Dakota is that the Republicans and Non-Partisan Leaguers will elect their state ticket as usual, but that Smith has a good chance to get the electoral vote of that La Follettian and heretical state.

In Illinois the Republican leaders in Chicago privately put Smith's majority in Cook County as not less than 250,000; the Democrats think it will be more. If the down-state Republicans turn out in force they can beat that majority. In 1892, when Grover Cleveland was elected, the down-staters stayed home, and Altgeld and Cleveland carried the state by the Cook County vote. This year there is reported to be similar Republican disaffection down-state over the farm relief issue, but nothing has turned up to verify it so far.

The Indiana situation is the opposite of that in North Dakota. The outlook there is that the state will go for Hoover and yet elect Frank Dailey, the Democratic nominee for governor. That will be its answer to the administrative scandals which have disgraced the Republican party; but, though the Ku Klux Klan is subsiding in Indiana, it is still strong enough to hold the state in line against a Catholic candidate.

Ohio, though not much has been said about it, is at present incalculable. The industrial cities in the north are expected to go Democratic, and the Republicans fear a heavy German anti-Hoover vote in good old reliable Cincinnati. They expect to win through the rural regions, and yet the rural regions are sore spots. The bitterness there over the death of Senator Willis is still violent. Willis's death is blamed on Hoover, whether this is sensible or not, and when Ralph D. Cole made his sensational speech at Kansas City he was giving vent to the rage in rural Ohio.

It is reported, without contradiction, that though Smith means to make as few speeches as possible, he will make one in Winconsin. That state, this year, is almost hopeless from a Republican standpoint, and it is good politics for Smith to show himself there and let those who would like to vote for him anyhow see that he has no horns or hoofs. It would not be of any use for him to show himself in Oklahoma, say; they would smell brimstone whatever he said or however he looked. Wisconsin is against reactionaries, and regards Hoover as one; it has a large German population, hates prohibition and the Klan; and its moribund Democratic party is at last coming back to life.

Privately, Republican leaders concede that they will have to work hard to hold Pittsburgh, that there will be an infinitesimal Republican majority in Philadelphia, and that the coal regions are in a shocking state. They hope to get that all fixed up by November, but admit that if election day were in August Smith would carry Pittsburgh. Late in July the Pittsburgh bosses had to send out orders to the district leaders that they must not vote for Smith. That sort of order is not customary in Pittsburgh; and even last winter the machine leaders in Philadelphia were saying—always privately—that they would not be able to control their district leaders at all. As for the coal regions, they are flagrantly wet. In 1912 Taft lost Pennsylvania to the Bull Moose, and in 1913 the combined Democratic and Bull Moose vote was greater than that cast for Penrose, who ran for the Senate. The Pennsylvania Republican majority is assuredly going to be a mockery of its old self. Usually in Pennslyvania business is too much afraid of the Democracy to do more than growl; but Smith took the punch out of that argument when he appointed as his chairman Mr. Raskob of the Union League Club, Philadelphia, and when the club even refused to ask for the rebel's resignation.

In the far West Smith will probably add Montana and Nevada to the Democratic column, and Arizona is doubtful. As for the Democratic confidence about the East, Smith will carry New York by an immense majority, and that usually means New Jersey too. The southern New England states are both sore and wet, and they are certainly doubtful; but there is no such Democratic assurance about them as there is about New York and New Jersey.

It will thus be seen that one cannot get an idea of the Smith prospects or of the bolting situation in general by gazing fixedly at the hitherto Solid South. What Smith loses in one section he can make up in others; and the outlook is not so one-sided as it appears to those who are staring so hard at Mason and Dixon's line. Nevertheless, the Democratic electoral vote has lately been confined to the South and sometimes a few haphazard northern states, picked up almost by accident; and on that basis he cannot lose any southern states, even if he carries the industrial East, and still win. He will, however, get some western states to offset his southern loss. He will not get all of those here listed as debatable, and to get only one of them would not make up for the loss of Tennessee and Kentucky.

The final possibility is a landslide such as Cleveland got in 1892. In any such case the winner would carry nearly everything, and even the wild talk one sometimes hears about Smith's carrying California might come true. That talk is founded on the fact—it is a fact—that some Republican politicians in that state are saying they will vote for him. A Cleveland landslide is never predictable; it comes without warning, like an earthquake, and makes all predictions and calculations look foolish. The only thing that can be said about a landslide is that if there is one this year it will not be for Hoover; the certainty that he will lose New York puts that out of the question.

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WRITERS' SAINTS

By D. H. MOSELEY

PAUL CLAUDEL'S Feuilles de Saints is not so well known as The Tidings Brought to Mary. Perhaps the little book will have few readers in the United States, but those who are interested in the trend of modern writing will find it significant. The collection includes, among other poems, eight which have the saints as subjects; these are not martyrs' stories in verse and there is nothing of the ballad about them: they are meditations and petitions, and they are strikingly up to date.

Feuilles de Saints belongs to the fast-growing library of popular writers' books on saints. We do not think our age addicted to the study of hagiography, but the literature of a century remarkable for its interest in biography is necessarily influenced by the lives of the saints.

Of course the facility of European travel in the late nineteenth century gave an impetus to the general study of religious art, and saints in art and legend, the saints of pictures and places, were introduced into Puritan households by such painstaking writers as Mrs. Jameson and A. J. Hare and Clara Erskine Clement and Montgomery Carmichael. Every now and then new books, such as Gabriel Faure's Au Pays de Saint François d'Assise and Lucy Menzies's Saints in Italy, are added to this group, but, on the whole, the new books are about the saints themselves rather than about their influence on painters.

For the last twenty-five years, writers who have been first known for works in no sense related to hagiology, have occasionally turned their attention to the lives of holy men and women. The variety of books in the flood of Franciscan literature exemplifies this. Paul Sabatier's Vie de Saint François d'Assise, crowned by the French Academy and put on the Index the same year, seems to have precipitated the torrent. All manner and kinds of men and women have written of Saint Francis. Sabatier's book was the vade mecum for a certain group, while another group approached the saint's life and his attitude to the life of the Church from a different angle. Father Cuthbert and Jörgensen and Father Paschal Robinson were students of Franciscan lore and wrote as students, whereas Maurice Francis Egan and Gilbert Chesterton and Sophie Jewett and Josephine Preston Peabody and Harry Lee and innumerable others have written in a fashion which is supposed to have a greater popular appeal. Look for the first-named works in the small-town public library in the United States, and, with the exception of Sabatier's, you will hardly find them, but the others will have been duly purchased by the library board as the writers' latest.

Saint Catherine of Siena has had less publicity than Saint Francis, but no moderately well-stocked library is without Edmund Gardner's Life of Saint Catherine of Siena, published in 1907, and Miss Vida Scudder's novel, The Disciple of a Saint, which appeared the same year. As for Joan of Arc, her admirers are legion. If we were restricted to a choice of authors who have written within the last twenty years, we would still be embarrassed. Andrew Lang and Mark Twain and Bernard Shaw and Albert Bigelow Paine are not best known as hagiographers, yet, wherever we find their works, we find their accounts of the Maid of Orleans. Less conspicuous than Joan of Arc are Saint Ignatius Loyola, as described by Henry Dwight Sedgwick and Paul Van Dyke, and the gentle Francis de Sales of whom Henri Bordeaux, the novelist, and Gamaliel Bradford, have recently written.

No matter what the eventual literary or historical worth of these books and a host of others, their authors have invaded the field of religious biography quite seriously, and they are unlike certain continental writers in that they have approached their subjects with all reverence. Often their interests have taken them delving into the secrets of a saint's century, and they have found themselves face to face with a powerful personality. Was it not inevitable that Lang, a child among children and a historian among archives, should be entranced by Joan's Fairy Tree and by the Procès? And could such a lover of mediaeval poetry as Sophie Jewett have failed to fall under the spell of Saint Francis of Assisi? Gabriel Hanotaux, writing of Joan of Arc, said, "I did not choose the subject; it chose me," and I think that almost anyone who has been fascinated by a saint and impelled to write could say the same.

Many of our time feel this compulsion. On first thought we would say that they share the desire with men of all ages, and that the saints have had a noteworthy place in English literature from its beginning. After a careful survey of English classics, we decide that they have had little attention paid them. True, Saint Guthlac and Thomas à Becket are met with very early: Chaucer had the Second Nun tell the legend of Saint Cecilia: Spenser pictured Saint George in the Faerie Queene, and the most wonderful saint's poem in English is Crashaw's Hymn to the Name and Honor of the Admirable Saint Teresa. But Dryden and Pope were not the saints' poets we would expect to find them: Dryden's Ode for Saint Cecilia's Day is not largely concerned with the saint who gave it title. Herbert and Herrick and Vaughan were perhaps too near the Reformation for it to be safe for them to introduce any saints save those of the New Testament, notably Mary Magdalen, John the Baptist and Saint Peter. The martyrs of Tyburn had their singers among the recusant poets, their fellow-martyrs,

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but the poems are not widely known. The men of the Lake group, with the exception of Coleridge and De Quincey, who wrote of Joan of Arc long before she was canonized, seldom mention the saints, and Tennyson and Browning and others whom we would have thought necessarily attracted by quaint legends, resisted the lure if they felt it. I am not forgetting Tennyson's doleful Saint Simeon Stylites and Becket, but I doubt if the great majority remember them.

Of course Lionel Johnson and Francis Thompson and Alice Meynell deliberately and inevitably wrote songs of sanctity, just as Louise Imogen Guiney and Katherine Tynan Hinkson and Joyce Kilmer did some years later.

One scarcely knows where to turn for a reason for the long dearth of saints in English letters. There has been a large store of saint lore in Great Britain. Caxton published Jacopo de Voragine's Golden Legend, and this collection of the lives of the saints was exceedingly popular and easily obtained. He also printed a life of Saint Catherine of Siena. In 1519 Wynkyn de Worde printed Saint Catherine's Dialogue, translated into English by the chaplain of the Brigittine nuns for their "ghostely recreacyon," and entitled The Orcharde of Syon. The recusant poets kept alive the memory of the English martyrs, and Butler's Lives of the Saints was available by the middle of the eighteenth century. This means that, no matter how many stained glass windows and cathedral statues were destroyed by the soldiers of the Reformation and its aftermath, enough pen portraits of the saints were extant during the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries to make a far greater impression than they seem to have made.

Butler was, of course, allied with the Bollandists and faithful to their method; nevertheless there is a picturesque quality in his Lives. As for the Golden Legend, it seems strange that it was not a very great source for poets. Téodor de Wyzewa, its modern editor, has called attention to some of Jacopo de Voragine's nature allusions, such allusions as always appeal to the Anglo-Saxon mind, and when we find ourselves remembering the birds that ministered to Benedict and the grey beech trees which were Bernard's professors, we wonder that, in English poetry, Columba and Francis should have cornered the wild things of the earth.

Apparently legends appeal to creative writers only in so far as they are illustrations of the universal. Cecilia, patroness of music, Francis, the nature lover, the homesick Columba and the wandering Saint Alexis, are perennial favorites. Again and again we meet with Columba and Alexis, for instance. Columba's longing for Ireland has tempted almost every wilfully Celtic poet, whether English or American, and the Vagabond of God has found some sympathetic versifiers for himself and many for his deserted bride.

Legends have certainly not inspired one poem remotely related to Crashaw's hymn to Saint Teresa nor one truly great book of any kind. Something more than a story drove Crashaw to write:

> Those rare works where thou shalt leave writ
> Love's noble history, with wit
> Taught thee by none but Him, while here
> They feed our souls, shall clothe thine there.
> Each heavenly word, by whose hid flame
> Our hard hearts shall strike fire, the same
> Shall flourish on thy brows, and be
> Both fire to us and flame to thee;
> Whose light shall live bright in thy face
> By glory, in our hearts by grace.

He knew Teresa because she had written of herself as she believed herself to be. Carried away by the ardor of her sanctity he was impelled to write of her, but, because of her autobiography, which had already been translated into English, he was not constrained to fabricate a saint.

From Crashaw to Claudel, men have praised Teresa of Avila, and it seems that her namesake, Thérèse of Lisieux, is to exercise a like fascination for the literary. I heard a French writer say that little Thérèse was like Saint Francis in that she inspired so many with a desire to describe her. She was like Francis in that she had a poet's heart, but she was like Teresa in that she carefully and honestly portrayed herself. There has been no such self-revelation in our day as that in her autobiography, and it seems to me that she is a writers' saint by reason of this very quality.

A moment's thought convinces us that the writers' saints are those who have revealed themselves or been revealed by their contemporaries, and it is pleasant to observe that, in their method of electing patrons, writers have this in common with saints. John the Baptist, Mary Magdalen, John the Evangelist, Saint Paul and Saint Augustine are perhaps the saints most frequently met with in the writings of canonized persons, and this may be because there is something peculiarly intimate in the way they described themselves or were portrayed by their friends. Writers have adopted the saints' saints as their own, but they also include in their category numerous others who are easy to know. Francis Thompson, whom I have tried to avoid quoting because he is becoming almost as much a monopolist as Saint Francis of Assisi, names the favorites in a brief poem, the spirit of which seems an intimation of Claudel's collection. He first paraphrases a line from Saint John's Gospel and then continues:

> Pardon, O Saint John Divine,
> That I changed a word of thee—
> None the less, aid thou me!
> And Siena's Catherine!
> Lofty Doctor Augustine,
> Glorious penitent! And be
> Assisi's Francis also mine:
> Be mine Padua's Anthony:
> And that other Francis, he
> Called of Sales! Let all combine

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To counsel (of great charity)
What I write!—

And the poem ends with a petition to Blessed Thomas More.

We can imagine how the bookish Francis Thompson was attracted by the saints he named—and he was not alone in this. It is interesting to note the frequency of secular writers' references to Saint Augustine, and of course this is because of the Confessions; men of all kinds feel that they know Augustine. It is so with others. Those who have read Saint Francis's Canticle of the Sun and his Rule and his followers' Fioretti know Francis. Catherine of Siena's Letters and Dialogue and Fra Raimondo's Leggenda acquaint men with Catherine herself. In her letters she is a woman now stern, now playful, well balanced and sensible and on fire with the love of God, capable of desiring martyrdom and human enough to wonder why it was denied her, sufficiently courageous to receive into her hands the severed head of Niccolò da Tuldo, and tremulous when she writes her confessor of the act: the Catherine of the Letters is the Catherine of poetry and romance. The soul-searching Procès of poor little Saint Joan of Arc and the papers of the rehabilitation are more responsible for Joan's living in literature than the fact of her crowning the Dauphin at Rheims. The lively retorts with which she rewarded her examiners are exceedingly good copy and have been recognized as such.

In marked contrast to these are some saints of recent centuries who are almost complete strangers in our literature, Saint Philip Neri and Saint Vincent de Paul, for example. Cardinal Newman wrote gracefully of Saint Philip, and lately, Saint Vincent, as the apostle of organized charity, is receiving some attention from students of sociology, but it would seem that the superhuman accomplishments of both men would enlist many chroniclers. However, if we take pains to study their biographies, such as Capecelatro's of Saint Philip and Collet's of Saint Vincent, we find that these men who lived so much in the public eye were, in a sense, deliberately reticent. Saint Philip, the great initiator of the historical method in religious biography, quite ruthlessly destroyed his writings, which would have been primary sources for a study of his life. In spite of a wide and exacting correspondence, only occasionally, as in a few of his letters to Madame Le Gras, did Vincent leave written records of his innermost feelings. Both saints' lives were full of heroism. Vincent was equally at home in the galleys and at the court of Anne of Austria; Philip, the Apostle of Rome, was a poet and a mystic and a man of rare charm. But men usually meet these saints through the medium of a third person, a person with whom they do not always see eye to eye, and, as there is something more final about a biography than about an autobiography, because the latter lends itself to individual interpretation, Saint Philip and Saint Vincent are not in the category of writers' saints. Like Saint Catherine of Genoa, they have not been altogether fortunate in their biographers. Even Capecelatro's account is, as its English translator, Father Thomas Pope of the Oratory, warned us, at times difficult for the Anglo-Saxon mind.

On the whole, the saints met with in the general run of everyday reading are those who are ready to hand. There are few authors like Louise Imogen Guiney who named as the sources of her exquisitely lyrical The Martyr's Idyl, the Acta Sanctorum, Les Petits Bollandistes, and Saint Ambrose's De Virginitate; after such study, most of her contemporaries would have thought it necessary to write a thoroughly modern life of Saint Theodora.

Perhaps we are approaching a period when other saints than Francis will be everybody's. There is augury of this in several recent books: Paul Claudel in Feuilles de Saints, and the English novelist Sheila Kaye-Smith in Saints in Sussex, have the temerity to presuppose on the part of their readers acquaintance with their subjects.

The new method in religious biography conduces to such acquaintance. There is no doubt that there is far greater human appeal in biographies in which primary sources are frequently cited than in the stilted, artificial lives which enjoyed a vogue some years ago, those lives which the Bollandist Hippolyte Delehaye said were "inspired by the idea of edifying and interesting the reader" and were "without any great solicitude for historical truth." Certainly the saints can stand the truth, and it may be that, depicted as they really were, they will find more champions among men of letters. And yet, Claudel struck a true note in his Sainte Thérèse when he wrote of the general inability to sympathize with the asceticism of the saints. It seems that there must exist in the writer something over and above a comprehension of the sources. A kinship in aspiration is characteristic of those who describe holy men and women in the most satisfying fashion, and there is a hint of this in a few of the new biographies, plays and poems.

Strange Pilgrimage

A perfect tree without the need of sky
Flooded by sunlight to outline each leaf,
Without the need of soil, stands very high
On a straight cliff, an arrow in relief

Etched on the rock; a thousand feet below
Straining their eyes some see its imprint there,
A tree, a perfect tree, yearning to know
They press its beauty to their brows in prayer.

Day after day this image whips the will
Into desire and burns upon the brain,
Night after night in darkness flaming still
Lights the blind path worn upward through the rain.

Strange pilgrimage, for those who make ascent
Find a starved pine wind-torn and bent.

EDAN LOU WALTON.

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NATIONALISM AT THE CROSSROADS

By ANDREW G. HALEY

FOLLOWING the termination of the great war, the world seemed to experience a revulsion from early twentieth-century Machiavelianism, which so largely prevailed in international politics up to that time. Sincere men desired to cast aside the pragmatism of pre-war statesmen and to build the policies of nations on solid rocks of true morality, which in itself would result in amicable relations among states. As a result of this desire for good-will among all peoples, many conferences have been held and many have been proposed for the purpose of engendering peaceful relations in international intercourse, and for restating and codifying the principles of international law.

The first result of this tendency was the creation of the League of Nations, and the latest example is Secretary Kellogg's multilateral treaty for the renunciation of war. Three great impediments have stood in the way of these peace-seeking programs, and they all arise from false doctrines and distorted conceptions which are the more difficult to sweep aside because they lie in the hearts of men.

Rampant nationalism, lack of knowledge of the fundamentals of international ethics, and lack of a constructive program on the part of those who advocate unreservedly that which is connotated by the word "peace," are the three obstacles in the way of lasting world comity. Nationalism has recently swept many lands, resulting in such movements as the Ku Klux Klan, Fascism, the suppression of minorities in Roumania, the persecution of Jews in the countries of southern and eastern Europe, the persecution of Catholics in northern Ireland and so on.

The doctrine of absolutism is still too widespread to allow of a true concept of international ethics in the minds of many. Statesmen have not been able to cast aside traditional regard for power, which has been growing since the day Philip the Fair quarreled with Pope Boniface VIII, with the result that the universal law of Christian brotherhood, even in this day when it is talked of so much, has been largely lost in treaty reservations, insincerity and international distrust. International ethics, unfortunately, still yields to the doctrines of Machiavelli, Luther, Hegel and Nietzsche.

Those who unreservedly advocate peace desire the results, but give no concern to the means necessary to attain peace, nor to the fundamental moral precepts which must be inculcated and observed before peace may be had. They cling to the stark cry of "peace at any price," and the tremendous good they could accomplish is largely lost. During the past decade many men interested in international law and politics have set forth their views, and have sought to overcome impediments in the way of peace. Among the recent contributions in this field, four* deserve attention.

For a better understanding of the entire subject treated by the four works, it would be most logical to mention first Father Burke's paper on The Historical Attitude of the Church toward Nationalism. Father Burke sets forth the supreme law governing human intercourse, that is, the law of Christian brotherhood. He tells of violations of this law by nations and peoples throughout the ages and analyzes the fallacies which caused them. His work is an indictment of the word "nationalism," which word is used to describe the belief that only those of our own nation are our brothers. He first makes the distinction that "the love of one's country, of one's fellow-citizen, is one of the holiest and highest loves of earth." But this, he points out, is entirely different from nationalism—the very antithesis of neighborly love.

Father Burke discloses that

> nationalism is not patriotism; it is the abuse of patriotism. It is degenerate, distorted and diseased patriotism. Patriotism is one manifestation of the command of love. Nationalism is one manifestation of its denial. Patriotism is love of the people of one's country. Nationalism is that perverted love and perverted submission which calls for hatred of others. The patriot loves his country, its scenes, its literature, its art, its culture, its great men, its people. He loves them so much that he is willing to sacrifice himself that they may be better, more beautiful, more useful and more true. But he does not place them above the rules of right and wrong. He does not insist upon absolute uniformity. He has other loyalties and he seeks to harmonize all his loyalties. He refuses to be the blatant national egotist this nationalism demands.

How nationalism influences and obstructs the full fruition of international law is admirably set forth in Father Millar's collection of essays. Father Millar's book is replete with information and discourse on many other subjects, but his section on international law is particularly interesting at this time. He recites the history of the relations between the Church and the

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**The Historical Attitude of the Church toward Nationalism, by John J. Burke, C.S.P. April, 1928, issue of the American Catholic Historical Review. Washington: Catholic University of America. $1.00 per issue.*

Unpopular Essays in the Philosophy of History, by Moorhouse F. X. Millar, S.J. New York: Fordham University Press. $2.50.

The Spanish Origin of International Law, by Dr. James Brown Scott. Washington: Georgetown University School of Foreign Service.

International Ethics: A Report of the Committee on International Ethics of the Catholic Association for International Peace. New York: The Paulist Press.

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various countries of Europe, his account of the struggle between Philip the Fair and Boniface VIII being particularly illuminating.

Whereas Father Millar relates how the international influence of the Church for peace and universal concord was being continually contested by rulers and sects, Dr. Scott devotes his work to setting forth the reasons for the Church's attitude, as enunciated by two of her great philosophers, Francisco di Vittoria and Francisco Suarez. His primary purpose, however, is to prove that international law as we know it today was founded not by Grotius, but by the great Dominican and the great Jesuit. Dr. Scott is a Protestant. His work, however, indicates that he has a complete and deep understanding of the tenets of universal amity formulated by Catholic writers.

He shows that the direct motive Vittoria had in advancing a law which should prevail among states, was to establish the immutable distinction of right from wrong in international intercourse, with special reference to consonance with these principles of the wars waged by Spain upon the American Indians. He gleans from Suarez's writings the demand for a system of law among nations of such effect that the force-suit should be substituted for by the law-suit. He indicates that arbitration was first discussed upon principles of modern international law by Suarez.

It is interesting to compare this treatise of Dr. Scott with International Ethics. The latter was written by Dr. John A. Ryan, chairman of the Committee on International Ethics of the Catholic Association for International Peace, with the active collaboration of eight other committee members. It summarizes the Catholic ethics concerned with international relations, and naturally divides itself into topics concerned with the moral law in relation to states, the precept of justice, the precept of charity, the morality of law and the obligation of promoting peace. It is best described as a brief summation of what has been written by the great Catholic publicists, moral theologians and jurists throughout the centuries. The subject, moreover, is viewed in the light of present-day conditions.

These four works should be recommended to the attention of nationalists, pragmatic statesmen and pacifists. If they were given careful consideration by these groups and were acted upon by them, the world might yet experience a recurrence of the golden age.

Wheat Stacks

The Kansas stacks are fresh-baked loaves
  Upon a table ranged in line;
But Minnesota stacks are groves
  Of pointed fir and branching pine.

The men whose beauty-building hands
  Reared these tall stacks, so like a tree,
Must have been longing for those lands
  Of forests, far across the sea.

KENNETH W. PORTER.

COMMUNICATIONS

ARE CHURCH AND STATE SEPARATE?

Notre Dame, Ind.

TO the Editor:—In your issue of July 11, Mr. Cornelius Colbert takes issue with my previously published paper, Are Church and State Separate? He states that the purpose of the Declaration of Independence is not to define the ends of government and he consequently objects to my references to the purpose of government as described in that document. Mr. Colbert insists that the Declaration merely outlines the causes which impelled our separation from England. He says that it (the Declaration) "shows that the actions of the king *have been subversive of certain rights which it is the purpose of government to protect.*" (Italics are mine.) With reference to the Declaration I did not say more than Mr. Colbert has here admitted. He maintains, however, that this purpose of government was included in the Declaration merely to criticize the king of England and not to direct the path of our own governmental institution. In other words, according to Mr. Colbert, what was so grievously wrong when done by the king was to be entirely proper when perpetrated by an American authority. In other words, your correspondent asks us to believe that the American Revolutionary War was fought on the theory that only the English government had no right to commit tyranny. He thus assures us that America embraced hypocrisy at the very beginning of her career. I have evidently made the mistake of assuming that the vice, as an official American institution, is one of comparatively recent development.

Jefferson denied that there was any novelty in the political philosophy of the Declaration, and John Adams said in effect that there is not an idea in it that had not been hackneyed in and out of Congress for months before July 4, 1776.

Tom Paine's pamphlet, Common Sense, had enjoyed a considerable circulation at the time the Declaration was written and the merits of Paine's composition were attested even by the politically conservative Washington. Thus, American sentiment in favor of the inalienability of certain rights and the duty of governments to protect them cannot be passed over as an "irrelevant" Jeffersonian deduction from "laissez faire." If Mr. Colbert finds flaws in the philosophy of the Declaration, if he dissents from the sentiments of Jefferson, Adams, Paine and Washington with reference to the inalienable rights of man, this is certainly his privilege; but if he attempts to repeal the very obvious facts of American history or to change the minds of men long dead—this is clearly something else.

Only a "myopic" reader of the preamble of the constitution of 1787 could fail to note the language of its final clause. The preamble of the constitution states the purpose of the new constitution, and not the purpose of government. A constitution tells the government what it is to do, but does not necessarily include the reason why the government is to do it. At the time the present constitution was written, American government both state and federal had functioned for more than a decade. By the constitution of 1787 the people of the United States merely shifted certain powers from the individual states to the federal government. The preamble "walked before" the constitution and explained the purpose of the change. If Mr. Colbert changed the routine of his servants and raised or lowered their respective salaries, the reasons for these changes would surely not be interpreted as the reasons for the employment of the servants in the first place.

In spite of the charge that Jefferson was a fickle philosopher

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it must be admitted that he was sufficiently constant to keep the record fairly straight. On June 7, 1816, many years after he had "learned by experience," we find Jefferson writing as follows to Francis W. Gilmer:

"Our legislatures are not sufficiently apprized of the rightful limits of their power; that their true office is to declare and enforce only our natural rights and duties, and take none of them from us. No man has a natural right to commit aggression on the equal rights of another and this is all from which the laws ought to restrain him. . . . The idea is quite unfounded that on entering into society we give up any natural right."

Mr. Colbert implies that one may possess these natural inalienable rights in a "primitive community," but not in a highly developed civilization. Right principle is thus made to bend and shape itself to fit expediency. Those things with which men are "endowed by their Creator" are to be outlawed by legislative opinion with reference to the "common good." The "common good" is often nothing more nor less than the "yap" of the mob. If liberty sits upon such a precarious foundation, then the birth of our nation was an unfortunate miscarriage. I prefer to persist in the Jeffersonian delusion, Mr. Colbert to the contrary notwithstanding.

CLARENCE MANION.

MR. CHESTERTON ON LATE CLOSING

Portsmouth, N. H.

TO the Editor:—Mr. Shaw is not alone on his side of the Atlantic in disagreeing with Mr. Oldmeadow of the London Tablet on the Shop Homes' bill. Mr. Chesterton has condemned it vigorously from the first in his own paper, G. K.'s Weekly. I quote from last number to come to hand:

"The only chance that this grave injustice to the small shopkeeper will be prevented is that a fugitive gleam of sanity may visit the House of Lords. . . . Let us repeat one main argument: It is a monstrous infringement of liberty that a shopkeeper who employs no assistant should be compelled to close his doors at a certain hour. To say that it gives him an unfair advantage over Selfridge is ridiculous. Selfridge has all the unfair advantages that are going, and the government should be laboring to give every compensatory advantage possible to the small man."

GRAHAM CAREY.

THE INSPIRATION OF JOHN AYSCOUGH

New York City.

TO the Editor:—Mr. John J. Downey tells us in the Commonweal for August 1, that Monsignor Bickerstaffe-Drew "was fifty before he came into his own with Marotz."

I had read San Celestino and Mezzogiorno, and applied at the Public Library of Syracuse for Marotz. The librarian informed me that it was debarred as not being a proper inspiration for youth. A copy, however, was loaned me, and I agreed with the librarian.

REV. PETER MORAN, C.S.P.

The title page and index for Volume VII of The Commonweal are now ready. These will be sent upon request. Arrangements have been made for binding Volume VII in leather or cloth. Information on binding will be given upon application to the offices of The Commonweal.

THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Elmer Gantry

PATRICK KEARNEY'S dramatic version of Sinclair Lewis's Elmer Gantry is something more than just another revivalist play (referring to Bless You, Sister and Salvation, both of recent lamentable memory); but it is also something far less than an enjoyable evening in the theatre. It marks, in fact, what one devoutly hopes to be the nadir in Mr. Kearney's process of selling his fine talent to managerial enterprise. A certain play called A Man's Man, written by Mr. Kearney a few years ago, refuses somehow to pass into oblivion. It had feeling, intensity and, in the last act, a striving force which brought it genuine distinction. Since then, we have seen Mr. Kearney serving Theodore Dreiser in An American Tragedy—a lucrative but sad servitude—and today we find him serving in the basement as assistant butler or something like that to the one man who would necessarily understand his own creature—Babbitt. If ever there was a stereotyped, unpenetrating and unenlightened mind, it is that of Mr. Lewis, to whom the discovery of the obvious is like a fourteen-year-old boy's first night wandering on Broadway. In even attempting to dramatize Elmer Gantry, Mr. Kearney is stooping far indeed to conquer the morons' cash.

To make matters worse, Mr. Kearney has not done a particularly good job. The first two acts, for which alone Mr. Kearney takes credit (the third being the work of Thompson Buchanan) form a sorry example of theatricalism. They are neither penetrating nor wise nor acute nor fraught with the subtle power of restraint. They are merely obvious. Their theatrical interest hinges on the repetition of hypocritical emotions and lines, and on the introduction of scenes only slightly this side of pornographic. Motivations are barely sketched in. The transitions are abrupt and careless. And the name of Christ is used as often as possible to point up comic or satiric lines. The fundamental good taste which enables the real artist to handle any situation without giving offense is as completely lacking as if Mr. Kearney had decided to emulate as well as serve Sinclair Lewis. Can one say more?

Let's face the facts squarely. Religious hysteria is a serious matter. It offers a rich field for pathological study. Moreover, the commercialization of this particular form of religion does deserve a sound castigation. In other words, there is nothing shocking in the general subject-matter of Elmer Gantry. But it does make a vast deal of difference whether the subject-matter is treated by someone who believes revivalism to be the abuse of a noble instinct, or by someone to whom all religious instinct is merely entrenched superstition and the sublimation of animal passion. The difference is very similar to that between the man who writes of love as a reflection of divinity, and the man who writes of it only as a breeding instinct. To some men the whole is always greater than the sum of its parts. To them, a diamond is rather more than transmuted coal. But to others, the whole universe is "nothing but" its collected parts. Man himself is "nothing but" so many muscles, blood vessels and glands. A cathedral is "nothing but" so many stones and so much cement. A book (unless, perhaps, it be their own) is "nothing but" so many printed words, representing so many spoken sounds, which, in turn, represent so many photographic, two-dimensional impressions. To them, there is no such thing as a divine dimension, beyond space and time and error; no unifying force to lend splendor to the innumerable works of

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God. Sinclair Lewis has such a mind, one which feels that it has described the cathedral when it has counted all the stones, or that it has encompassed man when it has compared his glands with the rabbit or the toad. The mental dyspepsia caused by Elmer Gantry is not that of shocked sensibilities, nor is it a defense mechanism against intelligent candor, but rather the nausea created by the man who looks at Notre Dame and tells you that the Woolworth Tower is a finer building because it soars a few hundred feet higher.

I can almost hear Messrs. Lewis and Kearney protesting that Gantry is the story of a special type of minister, and that in exposing his hypocrisy, they are serving the cause of finer and truer religious instinct. I can hear them shouting in chorus that modern psychology has shown how definitely revivalism is an expression of excess glands, and that the sooner it is exposed as "nothing but" that, the sooner true religious instinct will come into its own high place. But if this is their well-concealed intention, then what wofully poor psychologists they are in thinking that by destroying one bridge they are helping to build another! The only man who should take a watch apart is one who can also put it together again, and in doing so straighten the parts that were crooked, or replace jewels that were lost. Gantry is a purely destructive piece of work as it comes to the theatre. Even Thompson Buchanan's sugar pills in the last act cannot conceal this essential fact. The play not only lacks a divine dimension; it has not even a human third dimension.

It is rather hard to speak of acting and direction in a play whose chief intention is caricature. It can be said, however, that Edward Pawley, who takes the part of Gantry, brings to it a measure of competency which makes the character completely odious. He does not try, as so many actors might in his shoes, to retain a measure of sympathy. In the second episode, which is the one concerning Gantry's infatuation for the revivalist, Sharon Falconer, Adele Klaer plays Sharon with considerable emotional force, yet not quite convincingly. Only a great actress could rise above the inadequate motivations of Mr. Kearney's text, and bring the part into one of those consistently inconsistent wholes which is needed for an understanding of this overcharged person.

The general staging is by Lumsden Hare, and in addition to the fact that he has arranged many of the early scenes to good theatrical effect, he contributes a small piece of very effective acting as Gantry's attorney in the last act.

It is, of course, impossible to know what arguments went on between author, managers and playwrights during the preparation of this rather messy salad. Undoubtedly each of the many parties to it can contribute voluminous alibis. But such episodes as the appearance on the sidewalk before the theatre of many actors in grease paint, blowing trumpets and calling on the Broadway throng to come back to the Lord, Who "shed His precious Blood" for them, need no explanations and permit of no alibis. (At the Playhouse.)

Lear

Bitter, bitter words, fool, with which to defile him
Who once was proud;
Will he have more wisdom if you revile him?
The wind is loud
In the ears of the fallen; will the irony of preaching
Better the thing?
Bitter, bitter words, fool; are you a parrot screeching
To a grey, mad king?

AUDREY WURDEMANN.

BOOKS

A Pageant of the Past

Memories of Manhattan, by Charles T. Harris. New York: The Derrydale Press. $10.00.

MR. CHARLES TOWNSEND HARRIS gives us in an interesting volume his recollections of New York life during the sixties and seventies. His whole existence, as revealed in these reminiscent pages, seems to have been many sided and typical of the average New Yorker in his lively curiosity and intelligent observation.

Mr. Harris's memories range from the last public execution in New York State, when Hicks, the pirate, was hanged on Bedloe's or Liberty Island, before a large audience on excursion boats, down to the age of public picnics and visits to the Fishing Banks. His narrative is crowded with events: Bowling Green has the balls knocked off the gate posts to serve as ammunition against the Loyalists, and the board of aldermen are frightened by protests from putting up a more ornamental fence. Colonel Mike Corcoran refuses to order out the Sixty-ninth Regiment to receive the Prince of Wales, and suffers disciplining. An afternoon on Broadway below Canal Street would reveal Walt Whitman in heavy boots; Frederick Crouch, composer of Kathleen Mavourneen, on the park benches; General Santa Ana and his famous wooden leg; John C. Heenan, the dandy prize-fighter; General Winfield Scott, the hero of Lundy's Lane; Herman Melville, the author of Moby Dick; Richard Grant White, the father of Stanford; George P. Morris; Thomas Dunn English; Fred S. Cozzens and William Cullen Bryant. There, too, came Horace Greeley, William M. Chase, Walter Shirlaw, George Innes, and actors like Lester Wallack, John Brougham, John Gilbert; minstrels like George Christy and J. K. Collier; and femininities like Dr. Mary Walker in her trousers and Prince-Albert of black broadcloth.

The theatre is well considered by Mr. Harris, as well as the old-time restaurants; hot corn and baked potatoes, Washington pie and bolivars then took the place now preëmpted by the heated frankfurter. There is a touching reference to Smith's—later Smith and McNell's—"a favorite resort of the old fire department 'vamps,' and sea-captains. The walls were lines with old fire helmet fronts, fire scenes in color, published by Currier and priceless now; trumpets, belts and other fire paraphernalia." And this interesting paragraph: "Another noted saloon in the Fulton Street district was the Pewter Mug, operated by Yankee Sullivan, the prize-fighter. During the Know-Nothing furore, Commodore Vanderbilt took his only active part in politics. Sullivan gave it out that when the Commodore came along as one of the marshals in the Knod-Nothing parade he would pull him off his horse and slap his face. When the Commodore arrived in front of the Pewter Mug, Sullivan stepped out and grabbed his leg. Quick as a flash the future railroad magnate was out of the saddle and on top of the pugilist, who then and there received a worse beating than Tom Hyer gave him in the ring."

The founding of the Church of the Strangers again introduces Commodore Vanderbilt at a later age. "One Sunday morning shortly after the church was built the Commodore took his usual morning walk around the block [Washington Square]. He was baldheaded, wore a dressing-gown and his feet were covered by carpet slippers. Coming to the church he met the pastor, Dr. Deems, at the door, and accepted his invitation to hear him preach. The sequel was the clearing of

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all the church debts by the railroad magnate and a fund that placed the pastor and the church in substantial financial condition."

The old pugilists also had a way of retiring or having retirement forced upon them. We learn from Mr. Harris that Heenan, the handsome iron molder of Troy, New York, after fighting a draw with the English champion, returned to dazzle America with his fancy dressing and ended his career as a professional gambler. Mike Donovan, the middleweight, spent his mature years in teaching fisticuffs at the New York Athletic Club. Jem Ward, after his fight in America, retired to England, gave himself up to painting, and hung his pictures in the London Royal Academy. Tom King, another English pugilist, on losing the championship, became a grower of roses and a prize-winner at the English flower shows.

Lovers of sport will be interested to learn that baseball was the national game early in the 1860's. Major-General Abner Doubleday, a commander in the war of 1861-1865, was the first to lay out the dimensions of the diamond and to formulate the rules of the game, the earliest nine to operate under these rules being the famous Knickerbocker Club. William B. Curtis, credited with lifting a weight of 3,200 pounds, although weighing only 180 pounds himself, was a master mind in mathematics who was resorted to by the professors. The German strong man, Sandow, declined to match his strength with that of this doughty Archimedes.

Mr. Harris in writing knowingly of club life in these early decades, tells a story of a meeting of the Scribblers Club, when the journalist Joe Howard proposed a toast for Bryant, the poet, whereupon the well-known minstrel, Dan Bryant, rose to his feet only to sit down again in confusion.

Not to trespass further on Mr. Harris' preserves, which are rich and varied, his book may be recommened as a real record of our own past, the amusing account of a vigorous pioneer centre, influences of which were to radiate throughout our country and constitute what we generally accept today as the American type.

THOMAS WALSH.

Hills That Skip

Up Eel River, by Margaret Prescott Montague. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

IT IS fortunate to start a book with prejudices against it. Then one will stumble with double wonder and delight on any treasures it may hold, whereas if one starts with expectations too high, his reaction is unduly severe. In the case of Up Eel River, I was prejudiced by the deplorable cover and printing, by the fact that a woman was attempting to compete with James Stevens in telling Paul Bunyan stories, and by the beginning of the first story, which is such fearfully lame humor that I cannot bear to quote it. Imagine my relish, then, on discovering that this is a truly great book, or, if not that, so close to it that the distinction is academic. It is even better than Stevens's work, and that is no faint praise.

Paul Bunyan is, of course, the great American legend—really a French-Canadian warrior, who became a giant American lumberjack in the minds and mouths of the "bunkhouse bards." In West Virginia his name becomes Tony Beaver, his exploits even more preposterous and Gargantuan. It is Tony Beaver's history that Miss Montague has recorded, and her performance of the task fairly makes one shout for joy. There could be no better sign that American civilization is crystallizing and coming into maturity than the present-day

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appreciation of our own songs and myths. These legends, however, are a fresh growth from all our soil, and the kinship of Paul Bunyan in the North and West to Tony Beaver in the South tells us in conclusive facts that we have one distinctive American civilization.

This is doubly borne out by the language in which Miss Montague tells her tale. It purports, at least, to be the speech of West Virginian mountain folk. It is a racy speech, full of the breath of youth and growth, the lilt of poetry and of extravagant humor, swept clean of artificiality. When an American woman can write thus, we have traveled a long and marvelous route from the inflated emotionalism, the nicey-niceness, the synthetic European spirit and language, typified by Longfellow and Felicia Hemans and partly even by Poe.

This grand American character appears equally in the heroes and their exploits. Among them, one knows he is at home with unmistakable Americans, and he moves easily beside them as they pull the hands of time backward and forward; as they dance to the "big music" that contains all the music of the world, and makes even trees and rocks leap about; and as they laugh with the "world's funny bone" while the earth mutters and gurgles till it splits its sides. And this is a truer world than ours, which runs on the "ringing grooves" of law and determinism and common sense and materialistic values—this is the true world, shot through with poetry and wonders and impossibilities. Without dull philosophizing, the book moves along under a cosmology as living as that of the Greek and Norse myths, which is but a step from the sacramental view of life, where everything—no matter how small, imperfect, or battered by sin—is a channel for, a dwelling place of, God.

Tony Beaver, in whose eyes one could see "forest trees waving, and the sky with clouds trailing over it; and in the shake of a lamb's tail, you jest didn't know nothing 'cept mountains, and mountains, stretching way pretty nigh to the end of the world, and a sky over ev'ything that was bigger'n the world itself; with the wind blowing down the hollers from 'w—a—y off yonder somewheres, and going on by to 'w—a—y off somewheres else and all around the good hot smell of the ground warm in the sun"—this same Tony Beaver found the world one morning, for the first time, just where it had always been—in a drop of dew.

RICHARD LINN EDSALL.

The Female of the Species

Gallant Ladies, by Cameron Rogers. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

THERE is something prodigal in the number of characters that Cameron Rogers has permitted himself to write of in his Gallant Ladies. In a day when the enthusiasm for biography has left hardly a known historical character unhonored or unsung, the calm inclusion of ten potential full-length personal histories in one volume is an extravagance that should call down upon itself some sort of literary luxury tax. The seriousness of the offense is, of course, somewhat diminished by the taste of the times which seems to feel that one good biography deserves another, so that two or three books devoted to the same worthy in the same season are not at all exceptional. As a matter of fact, several of the women selected by Mr. Rogers (someone has said that they are seldom gallant and never lady-like) have appeared in the full regalia of separate biographies even since the publication of Gallant Ladies.

Mr. Rogers seems to feel that his table of contents needs some explanation, for he devotes a foreword to explaining it.

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Gentlemen adventurers, he finds, have never been at a loss for capable apologists, but "women adventurers and feminine soldiers of fortune have, in their posthumous defenses, fared less well, possibly for the reason that even today the world's first impulse is to look askance at women who would take it by assault rather than by mining it with devious and charming tunnelings." And "assault" is undeniably the strange device emblazoned on the banners of these amazonians, although they are not above a few "devious and charming tunnelings" at a pinch. As to the rather ambiguous characters of his ladies, the author takes a firm stand for equal rights, remarking, pertinently enough, that it is to be doubted whether Odysseus would be asked to make a fourth at cards or John Paul Jones be invited to spend a summer with the family.

Ten women are considered by Mr. Rogers, of various nationalities and from various social strata but all having in common some form of outlawry in their blood. The first sketch in the book, and one of the most effective, is that of Mata Hari, Eye of the Morning, the beautiful and infamous Dutch dancer who was executed at Vincennes in 1917 as a German spy. After so many years of favors from the powerful, Mata Hari could not believe that the order for her execution would be carried out. But one clear autumnal morning she was hurried from her prison to Vincennes. Led to the post, she kissed the little Sister Léonide good-bye, raised her head, smiled, and waved her handkerchief to her executioners. Twelve shots were fired—only one missed its mark.

Four of the five Anglo-Saxon adventuresses showed a marked preference for what the movies call the great open spaces. Espionage and intrigue interested them very little. They shot and rode away. Mary Read and Anne Bonny, both of English birth, were pirates, and are, in the reading, as bold and picturesque as any that ever sailed the fictional sea. Calamity Jane and Belle Starr (The Lady Desperado and Petticoated Terror of the Plain) are our own contributions to feminine banditry. In such brief sketches Mr. Rogers has not time for much analysis and so limits himself to quick narrative, material for which is furnished in profusion by the legends about these two Westerners. Elizabeth, Duchess of Kingston; Marie, Duchess of Chevreuse; Adrienne Lecouvreur; La Maupin; and Jeanne de la Motte plied their wiles, exuberant or raffinés, in more luxurious circles but were equally caresless with the conventions. Inez Montez, Irish by birth but Spanish by choice and adding for years to the color of the California Gold Coast, makes up the tenth of this short dozen of Gallant Ladies.

GLADYS GRAHAM.

Sibyl and Salonist

Julie de Lespinasse, by Marquis de Segur; New York; E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.00.

THE salon was in its fullest flowering in eighteenth-century France. Marquis de Segur in this story of Julie de Lespinasse portrays one of the most brilliant women of that strangely engaging period, a woman whose salon was the rendezvous of many celebrities, as well as of seekers after celebrity.

That fame rests upon surprisingly inconsequential things in as many instances as it does upon valuable achievements is undeniable. Deservedly, fame comes to the great inventors and discoverers, humanitarians and statesmen; but fame that has carried her name and deeds beyond her century came to Julie de Lespinasse through bundles of letters, rather than through any distinguished service to the world. Many of these letters

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were written by her, while others were written to her. Scores of women who did greater service for the world than she are utterly forgotten. Julie lives through the written word which is animated by turbulent passions and yearnings. Her outbursts of love and longing and self-examination remain to entertain, if they do not edify.

She was dead nearly a generation and her name was little known, when in 1811, the widow of Count Guibert made public a volume of Julie's letters, written to the Count. She had no thought of the public eye when she wrote those very personal letters. To avoid the possibility of their falling under strange eyes she had ordered their destruction. They reveal her love for that amateur playwright, whose works were applauded in private but execrated in public. They also express her resentment at his indifference to her, and at his ingratitude for the many kindnesses she had shown him.

From these letters, the originals of which were opened to his inspection by Guibert's descendants, and from journals, memoirs and other documents, Marquis de Segur has woven this very lively story of the life of the love-tossed woman.

Julie, whose parentage was uncertain and whose abodes were transient, established her salon in a joiner's house; and for more than a decade she was hostess, friend and counselor to courtiers, churchman, ambassadors, men of letters and scientists. D'Alembert, Voltaire's aide in promoting the Encyclopedia, was chief of staff and master of ceremonies in Julie's "court." D'Alembert was a noted scientist, but he was child-like in his devotion to the woman whose real emotions he was never able to fathom. The truth came crushingly to him only when the object of his years of service was no longer of this world.

Among the famous men who took their way to the salon in Rue Saint Dominique were David Hume, Rousseau, Horace Walpole, Voltaire, Lord Shelburne and the pathetic Marquis de Mora. Mora was a young Spaniard who became enamored of Julie, and the two hoped for marriage, but Mora's death intervened. This was a shock to Julie, but she experienced a greater blow when Guibert became the husband of a young woman of considerable beauty and fortune, as well as of a family of high repute. From that day Julie lost interest in life, and death was not long delayed. Her biographer records her death-bed penitence and her funeral at the Church of Saint Sulpice.

Marquis de Segur's method of handling the details of Julie's impassioned life is commendable. He exercises restraint and discretion in unfolding the amours of the woman to whom love was the prime object of life, and to whom anguish and disappointment were not unknown. His account of the period, too, does credit to his appreciation of historical verities.

P. A. KINSLEY.

CONTRIBUTORS

CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON, a veteran political correspondent for New York journals, is the author of The Voter; and Party Leaders of the Time.

D. H. MOSELEY is a southern writer, at present residing in New Jersey.

EDAN LOU WALTON is assistant professor of modern poetry in New York University, and the author of Dawn Boy, Navajo, and Blackfoot Songs.

ANDREW G. HALEY is associated with the National Catholic Welfare Conference.

KENNETH W. PORTER is a research assistant in Harvard University.

AUDREY WURDEMANN is a student at the University of Washington.

RICHARD LINN EDSALL, formerly on the staff of the Harvard Advocate, is now connected with the critical press in New York.

GLADYS GRAHAM is an American critic and book reviewer.

P. A. KINSLEY, secretary of the American Catholic Historical Society, has been for many years a dramatic critic in Philadelphia.

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